Old Photographs

The leatherbound, maroon photograph album held snapshots of a past that Kerry simply didn't recognise.

"Which of us is that, Dora?" Holding up the album, open on one specific page.

Kerry's sister, a year older than herself at twenty, a year that often felt more like a decade, frowned almost imperceptibly. "You really don't know? You mean the baby, right?"

"Obviously. I recognise our mother and Aunt Rose. I just can't figure out which of us is the baby. I didn't think either of us had thick, dark hair like that, to be honest."

Silence filled the too-familiar living room. Lingered uncomfortably. Dora was seated at one end of the olive-green sofa, and Kerry perched on the armchair opposite, the floral one that had never matched, but always remained.

"Dora?"

At last, Kerry's sister looked her directly in the eye. "That was our sister, Carlotta. Mum had a baby before the two of us. You honestly didn't know, did you?"